

# The Black Cat



SEPTEMBER 1907

The Black Cat By L. B. On

The Introduction of Black Cats

That Which You Forget

The History of The Black

The Black Cat and the Black Cat

The Black Cat and the Black Cat

The Black Cat and the Black Cat

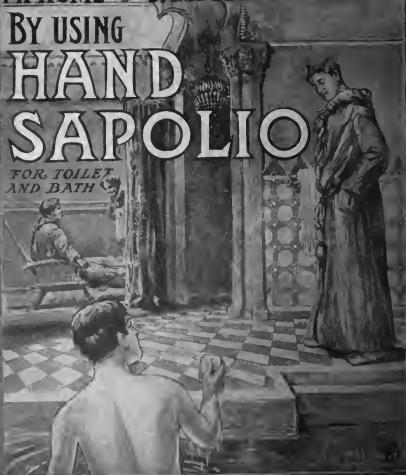
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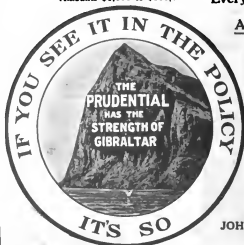
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# The Black Cat

A Monthly Magazine of Original Short Stories.

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Vol. XII., No. 12.  
Whole No., 144.

SEPTEMBER, 1907.

5 cents a copy.  
50 cents a year.

Entered at the Post-Office at Boston, Mass., as second-class matter.

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## The Man the Fly Lit On.\*

BY GORDON H. CILLEY.



It was the murk from a far-off jungle fire that hung, a half-choking haze, between land and sky, but the sun pierced through from the brazen heaven overhead and beat down with relentless rays till heat-waves danced from the parched and dusty earth. To the wounded man out in front it brought, first, indescribable agony that was told of in moans. Then the dry and swelling throat choked back even the expression of pain. Now, perhaps, a merciful God had given him unconsciousness—perhaps he was dead.

The three men in the dried-out water hole had few words for each other. There was nothing to say until some one of them should evolve a plan for safety. And what plan could there be? Less than one hundred yards out in front was the bamboo clump and within it was a Filipino sharpshooter and a wary one. Over and over had each of the three held aloft his service hat on the point of his cleaning rod, but the only fire it drew was a chuckling, mocking laugh. It would not work. The little brown disciple of Aguinaldo held cartridges precious. It had sounded like an old Springfield when he shot the corporal—probably that was

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what it was. If so, then he had but one cartridge in his gun. He could be shot or there might be time to escape before he could reload after that was fired. But that one cartridge was one death. Who's should it be?

Something must be done. Humanity, comradeship, the honor of Old Glory, demanded that the man who lay so curiously bent on the ground out in front should be given succor if the spirit of life remained. And then there was the main body behind, the weary two companies that within an hour would be going into camp, confident of the pickets and unsuspecting an enemy within fifty miles. Yet, if the presence of this sharpshooter, sniping pickets, meant anything at all, it meant that a night surprise was pending. Action was imperative.

There was but one solution, and as each of the three eliminated all other possible chances, that one remained in his mind. And each of the three knew that the others knew. So, when Adams passed around his canteen with an indication that they should drink each a third of the little water that remained, they knew he was about to propose the one plan possible. He waited until the canteen lay empty by his side, and then he whispered:

"It's got to be one of us. It's probably a sure thing, for he won't miss at that range. But the man that does it can get up shootin', and maybe it'll startle him. And the other two can jump up and shoot the minute his gun cracks. Shall we draw straws?"

There was no reply. The others looked at each other searchingly. Then they looked down again. Adams went on, his voice hard: "If either of you fellows has got a wife and kids back home, that makes it different." Again he stopped and waited. Then Welch spoke:

"Jim Carney here's got a girl back in Boston. She promised to wait for him."

"Stow your gab," said Carney, roughly. "I'm here to take my chances."

"That's white talk," said Adams, with just a tinge of admiration. "I've got a girl back there, too. But that ain't like bein' married, with kids. When it's just a girl back home it's different."

"How're we going to choose?" asked Carney, impatiently.

Adams reached up to the edge of the water hole and carefully

detached a long, dry blade of file grass. This he began to break into pieces of different lengths. A droning fly buzzed before his face and he slapped at it impatiently. He watched it as it rose, slowly circling, and then he dropped the straws. "Let's leave it to that cussed fly," he said. "It's been fussin' around here ever since we slid into this hole. The man it lights on first."

He looked at the others. Carney nodded his head. Welch watched the fly with a gathering frown and made no reply.

"Where in thunder did it come from?" asked Adams. "It looks like a house fly, like the flies back in the States, and there isn't a house in a day's march."

"There's always flies, everywhere," muttered Welch. "When the last man dies there'll be a fly buzzin' around to worry his last minute. They're always ahead of the army and always behind it. They know. There's a cloud of 'em fussin' around the corporal out yonder, but this fellow won't go out there. He's waitin' for the one of us that stays behind. He knows. Damn him, damn him!" the last words coming furiously.

"Let's all lie still and see who he picks out," said Carney. "We can't waste time."

The men lay on their backs, their aching eyes following every movement of the fly. For the moment, it rested on a swinging blade of grass, its head straight up to the sun and its forelegs contemplatively rubbing their tips together. Then it put down the forelegs and carefully wiped off the tips of its wings with the last pair of legs. Its toilet completed, it crawled slowly to the end of the blade of grass, turned around twice like a dog making its bed, and then rose buzzing and circling in the air. The soldier Welch sat up, pulled his haversack forward from his hip, rummaged in it with his hand, apparently found what he was seeking, and, lying down again, put his hand to his mouth. The others watched him with suspicious interest. "Well, you are a queer one," said Adams, "eating at a time like this."

Welch said nothing, and the three resumed their vigilance of the fly. It rose, a black speck in the air, darted in parabolic curves back and forth, then slowly began to spiral downward. The test was at hand. The men lay alongside with practically facing distance between them. Welch was in the center. The fly de-

scended deliberately, swung back and forth and seemed to still its flight just over the face of Carney. In the breathless silence the faint chord of its wings was distinctly audible. Incontrollably, the soldier's face twitched. The fly darted away. The others looked on without comment while a flush spread over the man's neck and up to his ears.

Then the insect returned and leisurely hummed back and forth and then in a swinging circle above the hand that Adams had stretched out upon the ground. It settled within an inch and the man flinched. The fly mounted upward again.

Again it came back. Flies have no long flight, and already it was weary. This time it would seek a resting place. Its tired wings grew slower in their vibration and the noise of their buzzing deeper and more distinct. It circled twice about the dusty shoes of Adams, and this time he did not move. He looked on with his features drawn in agony and his teeth sinking into his lip. Then the fly rose three or four feet in the air, circled slowly and descended like a bullet upon the face of Welch. It alighted on his chin and crawled toward his mouth.

For a long minute the other men looked on in silence. The fly stopped at the man's lip and began to feed. Carney suddenly swept his hand above it and the insect darted off. Both Carney and Adams rose to sitting postures and looked inquiringly at their prostrate comrade. Another minute passed, and a glance shot between them. Carney shifted uneasily and whispered: "Well, Welch, old man?"

Still the man did not move. His eyes were closed and a sort of smile hovered about his lips. Adams seized his arm and shook him. The arm dropped limply back into place.

"Well, by God!" exclaimed Carney, and then, placing a finger on the man's eyelid, he roughly pushed it back. Only the white of the eye showed.

"Well, by God!" he muttered again, and reached for Welch's wrist. He held it for a little time between his thumb and forefinger, while Adams looked on with a puzzled stare. Carney dropped the wrist and bent his ear to the man's nostrils. Then he drew back, settled himself in his sitting posture and turned to Adams, from whom a question burst:



"Fainted?"

Carney shook his head. "Dead — scared to death — well, by God!"

For full five minutes the men were silent. Then Adams spoke dully: "He took his chance with us, and it fell to him. He faded out without makin' good. But we can make him do it. We can hold him up and let him get shot. Then we can get that sneaking little devil that shot the corporal."

Carney sat up. "Right you are; I was a fool not to think of it, but it knocked me all in a heap to think of Welch turning yellow. It's just what he's good for now. I will hold him up and you can be ready for the little devil."

He seized the body and, hugging it about the hips, strove to raise it so that the head would show above the water hole. But it was still limp; it would not hold erect. With a muttered oath, Carney seized the dead man's rifle and jammed it down the back of the dead man's blouse. The device served and, holding by the hips, and keeping his own head well bent down, he hoisted the corpse erect and upward. There was a moment of agonizing suspense, and then rang out the booming roar of a Springfield. The sound was hardly complete before Adams leaped up and began pumping his Krag at a patch of powder smoke in the bamboo. At the third shot there was a yell and a crashing of branches. Adams dropped his rifle, and ran toward the corporal, while Carney sat weakly down and propped up the body of his friend. There was a yawning hole in the dead man's forehead where the snub-nosed Springfield bullet had crashed through, and a tiny stream of blood trickled away from it.

Adams came back, dragging the corporal, and the two soldiers quickly found not only that his heart was beating, but that his wound was one that would heal. His canteen was found to be half full, and when the nozzle was placed to his lips he drank in unconscious greediness.

"If you'll stay here by the corporal, I'll hike back to the column and get the ambulance," said Adams.

Carney replied with a nod, and, when the older soldier was gone, he turned to a closer examination of the body of Welch. "Hell of a hole that old Springfield makes," he muttered. He

untied the handkerchief from about his neck and started to wipe away the blood. Then he saw something that made him stay his hand. He looked close at the dead man's face and then sprang to his feet and swore aloud. For about the lips of his friend, and spread all over the lower half of his face were—what do you think? *Grains of commissary brown sugar!*

Just before taps that night Carney stood within the flap of the major's tent and saluted. He averred urgent business. The major looked up wearily from his writing and listened. Carney, with more strength of language than was usual to the major's ears, begged that a recommendation would be made for a medal of honor for the dead man, to be sent to his relatives, as is customary when a soldier has died as a hero.

"I thought he had turned yellow," said the soldier, "and, God forgive me, I held up his body and let that little hellion shoot a hole in his head. And then I found that he had fixed it all up. He'd baited himself with sugar out of his haversack, and that damned fly lit on him just as he figured it would. Physically, sir, it was more than he could stand, and the heart failure killed him when he felt the fly on his chin. But I've heard you say, sir, that the real heroes are the men who do their duty and more than their duty when they are most afraid. You see, sir, he knew Adams and I had sweethearts at home, and he didn't."

"You are right, Carney," said the major, musingly, when he had heard the whole story. "It is the moral heroes that are the greatest of all. I will make the recommendation for the medal of honor."



## The Intervention of Baden-Baden.\*

BY HARRIET GAYLORD.



GUESS there ain't time to sweep, is there, Baden-Baden?"

Emily Roberts looked ruefully from the clock to the kitchen floor. Except to her critical eye, it was as spotless as the shining baking tins she had just dried and piled on the broad shelf above the sink.

Baden-Baden, the gift of a German mess-mate to Emily's sailor brother, hopped to the edge of the table, cocked one eye knowingly, and answered:

"'Ere's a rum sport."

Emily laughed.

"You rascal! You swore at the minister yesterday!"

Baden-Baden's feathers bristled at the memory.

"My eye! no lobsters wanted!" he cried harshly.

"I believe you know every word I say," said Emily. "It's sort o' creecpy like, but I don't know how I'd get along without you."

As she spoke she was putting away the dishes she had used for her early breakfast and brushing off the stove. Then she reached her hand out to the parrot.

Baden-Baden flew to her shoulder and pecked at her plump pink cheek.

"You're all right!" he croaked.

"And so are you, Baden, but you've got to go in your cage now, dear."

"All right!" the bird acquiesced.

She gave him plenty of seed and shut him up for the day.

"Ajax," she said to the big Maltese cat stretched lazily beside the stove; "you must go outdoors now."

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Ajax only purred with great content at being noticed, and dug his claws further into the rug.

She lifted him tenderly, cuddling him against her neck.

"You darling! what a comfort you are!"

The canary in the window burst into a flood of song.

"Sec, Dick is jealous of you."

With Ajax on her shoulder, she filled the bird's bath and seed-box.

"I declare, I don't know which one of you I love best," she said, meditatively; "I guess it's you, Baden-Baden, because Tom gave you to me before he went on his last voyage."

"Tom's dead, poor Tom!" croaked the parrot, and Emily watched him tenderly as he sidled back and forth on his perch. Then, with a start of dismay, she looked at the clock.

"My! I've got to hurry or I won't be there at eight!" she cried.

Putting Ajax outside the screen-door, she caught her sun hat from a nail on the wall, hung her work-bag over her arm, and, after carefully locking the door and impressing upon Ajax the fact that she desired no escort, started along the dusty road with free, swinging step.

A woman of about thirty-four, she had escaped the traditional angularity of New England spinsters, and was generously moulded; tall, full chested, strong hipped. The face was contradictory. The high forehead, strong nose, and thoughtful eyes were those of a Puritan ascetic, suggesting even fanaticism; but the full red lips, the curve of chin and throat, and the generous coloring of the skin, indicated smouldering, starved voluptuousness, and a battle-ground.

Twenty minutes' walk brought her to her destination, a large white farm-house with green blinds. Passing in through the picket fence, she let the gate close behind her with a sharp click, and hurried around to the kitchen door.

A stout, motherly woman bustled to meet her.

"I declare, Em'ly, ye're allays on time. Dew git in out o' that dreadful sun. How be ye, ennyhow?"

"Oh, I'm always well, Mis' Rice," answered Emily, spreading out her work materials, and examining the pile of clothes and

rolls of cloth on the table. "Let me see, you wanted me to work on the black skirt, today?"

"Yes, I guess so, Em'ly. I went down ter Bridgeport this week, an' I declare I felt kinder countrified. Mattie sed she thought I'd better hev pleatin' on the skirt."

Emily's shears fell sharply to the floor. Picking them up hastily, she took her seat and began to rip the ruffles from the black skirt.

"How was Mattie?" she asked, the color flooding her face.

"Not right smart. Kinder peaked from worryin', but law! I mus' go an' see ter my bread now. Ef ye want ennything, jest holler."

"I declare, Em'ly, ye be spry," she said, on her return. "The irons is ready, but jest rest a minit an' see ef my doughnut's good as yourn. While ye're eatin' I'll slip on this skirt an' let yer see ef et hangs good. There, is that all right?"

Emily gave the skirt a few twitchings and smoothings.

"I'll let out that seam a little," she said; "it ain't quite even."

"Just as ye say, Em'ly. My! ef I could look as stylish as you, *he* wouldn't know me. An' he cares a lot about clo's fer a man. Ye never got fat, did ye, Em'ly? And ye ain't got a good husband ter dress fer? Ye'd better thank yer lucky stars fer the first, an' say yer prayers fer the second. It ain't nat'el fer a healthy girl like you. Ye may 'scape some worries, but ye miss lots o' comfort."

When Emily was left alone again, she let her hands rest quite still in her lap for a few minntes, while she thought. Then, with a guilty start, she tried to overtake the time she had lost.

Mrs. Rice returned later and drew a big chair opposite Emily.

"I'll jes' set here an' overcast that blue shirtwaist ye cut out last week," she said. "What wi' goin' ter Bridgeport an' all, I've got dreadful behind in my work."

"Now tell me about Mattie," said Emily, quietly. "You know she never writes to me."

"No, she sed she didn't, an' I tol' her I thought et wuz mighty onnat'el fer two sisters ter live, like yer dew, an' George out West. But she's a lot like you, Em'ly, an' no one don't dare say tew much ter her face. An' ter this day I dunno what the fuss

wuz all about, an' as fur as I kin find out, no one else does, an' sometimes I wonder ef ye know yerselves.

"Mattie looks mighty peaked. Did ye know she ain't let George Evans pay one cent for her livin' sence he went out West? I got that much out o' her."

"Goodness gracious!" said Emily, for once startled out of her composure; "you don't say!"

"Yes, I dew, an' I guess she ain't ever tol' ennyone bfore, but when she set the table fer supper, et wa'n't as nice as she used ter hev, an' she jes' broke down an' tol' me her eyes wuz botherin' so she hedn't ben out sewin' more'n three days a week, an' I was so struck all in a heap that I sed 'Fer massy's sakes! don't George even support ye?' An' she flared up like tow an' said "'Tain't his fault. He sent money reg'lar every week tell he got tired o' seein' et come back. I guess I ain't goin' ter tech the money o' no man I don't live with.' Yer see, Em'ly, that's the reg'lar Roberts pride. Ye both come by't honest, that's sure. Then I jes' said, "Why ye don't come hum ter live wi' Emily, I can't see,' and' she sed, sort o' cool-like: "Em'ly an' I don't hitch.' When I tol' her about ye an' the birds, though, there wuz a real wishful expression come on her face. But o' course her place ain't here, but wi' George. I never could understand that man no how. We all thought she'd done so well, and then he cut out an' went West. Ever write ter ye, Em'ly?"

"Not often," answered Emily, her eyes fast glued to her work.

"Wall, I s'pose ye know what's the matter an' I don't, but et's all wrong an' I hate ter see Mattie pinin' away. I can't help thinkin' that nothin' but a great zorrer'll bring 'em tergither agin, but that will. Why, Sam an' me fell out once when we'd ben married ten years. He'd got used ter me, an' I got jealous o' Jim Lewis's wife, — she that wuz Ann Hall. I hedn't no cause, but I guess I jest wanted somethin' ter dew. An' I hed a real notion o' goin' back ter Mother's an' takin' Willie. An' then our great trouble come. Oh, Em'ly, I can't never fergit the day when he an' the hired man come up the hill from the river, so slow, with somethin' in their arms, an' when they got most here, I saw it was Willie, all drippin' wet, an' I cried out an' ran to meet 'em, an' he jes' give Willie's little body so gently ter Joe an' sed,

'Mother!' so tender, all his soul a-shinin' out o' his eyes, an' opened his arms ter me, an' I guess I never went outside 'em agin in my heart an' never shall. Oh, Em'ly, that's what you an' Mattie's both missin', an' et's wuth all the rest. There, I didn't mean ter make yer feel bad, Em'ly. Everyone knows et ain't yer fault, an' you can't help et. You'd give yer life ter make ennyone happy ef ye could, let alone yer own sister. Cheer up, while I go an' git dinner on the stove," and again Emily was left alone.

Bravely she worked on in spite of falling tears, and as she worked two phrases sang themselves over and over in her consciousness until they crystallized in her brain: "A great sorrow, a great sorrow;" and, "Give your life, give your life." The innocent attempt of Mrs. Rice to right a wrong had lighted a fuse leading to the most dangerous explosive in the heart of the woman on whom she relied. Emily would indeed give her life to make one she loved happy. She had in her the immolating capacity of the most saintly of saints, but, alas, also the morbid fanaticism of a nature crushed and beaten back on itself because fate had given no outlet she could in sincerity and openness accept. Give her life? Yes, but how?

Mrs. Rice did not again refer to Mattie. After supper she squeezed the pay for a day's sewing into Emily's hand and said:

"Don't take ter heart what I sed 'bout Mattie. I thought ye might know how to bring 'em tergither."

Emily walked slowly home in the twilight, keeping time to those insistent phrases, "a great sorrow;" "give your life;" "to bring them together."

"Oh, God, what shall I do?" she cried once, standing still suddenly, as she came to the turn leading to her little home. "I can't see the way. Teach me what to do!"

As a terrifying solution loomed up in seeming answer, she gazed dully at the dear hills, purpled by the fading light; at the trees, every one of which she knew and loved; and at the broad sweep of protecting sky. A lump grew in her throat.

"Oh, not that!" she cried. "It's wicked, ain't it?"

But then came the after thought.

"No, it ain't wicked if I do it for love. It's the one thing

that'll bring 'em together, the only one. God give me strength," she moaned; "God give me strength to do this thing if I've got to."

With heavy step she walked on to her gate and entered the yard. Ajax bounded to meet her. Baden-Baden called from his cage behind the window-screen:

"Grub-time, messmate! Heave, me hearties; heave, me hearties!"

"They don't know the difference," she said with a sob. "They're just dumb beasts. Mis' Rice could do for 'em as well as I can, but I do love 'em. I'm a woman an' I've got to love something or die. And maybe I've got to die because I do love something. I wonder! I wonder!"

That night she lay in the darkness with wide staring eyes that would not close in sleep. Once she rose and sat in a hard chair by her window, suffering silently. At last she fell on her knees and sobbed, her forehead pressed against the sharp edge of the window sill, sobbed with a wild exultation in her heart, which the remorse of her tears could not drown:

"Oh, God, it was wicked, but he loved me! He loved me! and nothing, even death, can take that away from me now! And I love him yet, I love him—better than my life."

When she raised her head, the dawn was peeping over the hill, and with a heavy ache in her heart, she watched her world grow visible.

"Yes, better than life," she said; "better than the flowers, and birds, and trees, and hills; better than the sky, and people, and animals,—better than life itself!"

The muscles about her mouth were tense, her eyes big and full of pain, as she mechanically performed her household duties and fed her pets. Baden-Baden watched her sulkily and refused to talk, but she was hardly conscious of his unwonted silence.

The day was Sunday and she started guiltily at the clanging sound of a bell.

"There's the first bell now," she said, "and I ain't ready. I guess I'll go to meeting though. I may get some light."

Afterwards Emily could not recall the hymns they sang that morning, nor the prayer, so busy was she with her own thoughts,



narrowing fast to one absorbing compulsion. But the text of the sermon was burned into her brain as a message to her questioning self, and heard all awry by her morbid, half-erazed imagination.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

When she had washed and dried the dinner dishes that afternoon, she went out into the little garden back of the house to sit on a bank overlooking the river. Ajax followed and rubbed against her feet. Unwittingly she lifted and held him, stroking his fur with her hot hand. He grew too warm, and, jumping down, crawled into the cooler grass in the shade of a big apple tree, but she did not notice.

"'To do a great right, do a little wrong,'" she said at last wearily. "I forget who said it, but I guess it's true. And I can't see there's anything but a great sorrow'll do it. It's the greatest thing I could do, and I'd do it for him a thousand times, even if 'twas wicked, and I can't see it is. It's the only way to bring 'em together. I'll fix it so no one'll know I meant it but him. I'm going to get the Bible to see if it says to do it, just like Mis' Rice and the minister."

As she passed up the little walk she stooped to pull a weed or two from the bed of asters. Catching her breath with a hard, dry sob as she arose, she looked hungrily around at her flowers for a moment, then, shaking her head to and fro, with eyes half closed, she entered the house and shut the door.

With heavy heart she reached down the large, worn Bible that had been her father's. Holding it between her hands, she repeated a little talismanic verse she had learned as a child. Then she opened the book suddenly, placing her finger on the page. Her face paled as she read:

"Wherefore if thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off and cast them from thee."

Again the verse,—and this time her finger found the words:

"Wherefore if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth."

"Once more," she gasped. "Oh, how they all mean to do it! I've got to, now!" and this time by strange chance she read:

"That thou doest, do quickly."

Half-crazed with loneliness, repression, and morbid fancies, she did not think of the context. These words were the answer to her prayer, and she made ready to offer the sacrifice of her life. A long letter she wrote and carried to the post office. Then she put the house in order. All she did was done mechanically, dully, as in a bad dream. Baden-Baden watched her, an evil light in his eye. He had sulked all day and she hadn't noticed. At last she turned to him.

"Oh, I mustn't think about them," she said. "I mustn't realize how I love 'em. They'll forget me."

She gave the birds seed and water, and opened the pantry door.

"If Ajax gets hungry, and I don't answer, he'll go and feed himself. It don't matter now."

She dragged herself to a little cupboard high over the fire-place and took down a small phial. It bore a red label, a cross-bones and skull. She shuddered, looking at it with fascinated eyes, then placed it on the mantel.

"It's lucky I had it. It's the best way. I guess I'll just go to sleep. Now for the letter."

Seating herself at the table, she began:

DEAR MATTIE:

Mrs. Rice says you are not well and I wish you'd come home, I want to see you so much. It is very hot here, but I hope you will come. I am well, except for a horrid tooth-ache. I have to take laudanum—it hurts so I can't hardly write—

She rose and stood wild-eyed; then slowly turned and walked to the mantel. As she passed Baden-Baden, in grim terror she threw a shawl over his cage to shut him away from her sight forever. He bore it for a moment, as he had borne strange neglect all that long day. With one hand pressed against her breast, she uttered a sharp cry:

"God forgive me and make them happy!"—then raised the bottle to her lips.

Suddenly, piercingly harsh and shrill, with the concentrated bitterness of twenty-four hours of repression, rang out Baden-Baden's voice:

"You're a damn fool, Em'ly, a damn fool, a damn fool, a damn

fool" — those words over and over again, as if he would never, could never cease, — as if his whole little body would burst with the cry.

She stood still, frightened at the clamor before the meaning of the words penetrated her stunned consciousness. Then something broke within her, and she came back to life.

"Why, he never swore at me before!" she exclaimed, and after a moment:

"He's right. I am a fool and I'll be damned if I do it. Oh! I don't mean to swear, but I should have been damned. It wasn't right. I was wicked, wicked, and I didn't know it."

The cry of the parrot still rang out with monotonous insistence. Forefathers of sailor parrots swore through him. Emily snatched the shawl from the cage..

"Oh, Baden, darling, you've saved me! You've saved me!" she cried hysterically, as she sank on the lounge, sobbing at last as if she would sob all the poison out of her heart. Baden-Baden was forgiving.

"That's all right, Em'ly!" he croaked. "Shiver my timbers, it's all right. Cheer up!"

Soon she sprang to her feet, gasping:

"That letter! what'll I do? Oh, I know. I'll go over to the store in the early morning and make the clerk give it to me, and I'll write another."

So she did, sitting up to the late hours of the night.

Wednesday morning his clerk brought the letters to George Evans in a grocery store in a large town in Minnesota. One he put in his pocket.

"You mind the store awhile," he said to the clerk, and went to his bedroom on the floor above. He opened the letter and read:

DEAR GEORGE:

I've got to write you once right out of my heart. George, I've been down to hell and Baden-Baden saved me. I wrote you a long letter to-day and told you that when you got it I should be dead, and I begged you with my last words to come back and get Mattie and make her go out there and begin life with you over again. I was going to die to be out of the way, so you would try to love her. George, I was crazy. I made myself think I ought to do it, and I got the laudanum in my hand, and, oh, how I loved you then when

I was dying for your happiness — but Baden-Baden got mad because I covered him up, I guess, or maybe the Lord made him mad to save me, but he shrieked out that I was a damn fool, and then I saw it so clear. It wasn't a big thing I was doing, but a cowardly thing, and I'd better live and cut myself off from you forever, and trust you to do for love what I knew you'd do for sorrow. It's got to be different — we must never see each other again. George, if you'll take Mattie home, I'll love you with every drop of blood in me till my dying day. Oh, George, it wasn't our fault that we never met till you had married Mattie, but we ought to have fought down the love. It was all my fault — my love is a tiger inside me.

Oh, George, it was awful when I thought I was going out into blackness. It will help just to be in the same world with you. So, for God's sake, with every hope I have of living a good life, I ask you to come and take your wife home and make her happy. I love you every minute with all my heart's blood and shall till God takes my life. God bless you! God bless you!

Your EMILY.

Sunday night.

A long hour he sat stunned, bewildered, thinking. Then he rose, took down Emily's picture from his bureau, replacing it with Mattie's. Several souvenirs he destroyed, and began to pack his traveling bag.

Saturday evening the letter Emily had longed, yet dreaded to find, was at the post office. Her heart beat fast as she hurried home and tore off the envelope.

DEAR EMILY:

I can't write letters like you can, you know that. I am in a hotel in Bridgeport. Mattie is packing. She's forgiven me and is going home to Minnesota. I do this just because I love you better than myself. If I can't have you, I'd rather sit alone and dream about you. For God's sake, don't try to kill yourself again. You are mine, even if I can't have you. Emily, it cut me so to think you most died. You beautiful girl, the most beautiful I ever see — dead. Oh, darling, don't. I can't say what I feel, but just to know you are alive will help. Nothing can make a difference. I love you forever. God must give us to each other some day. Pray for me so I can be strong to do my duty.

Yours till death and then all yours,

GEORGE.

She read the letter once, twice, three times; then went to the window and leaned against the pane, looking out at the sunset sky.

"I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul," she whispered.

Baden-Baden flew up on the sill.

"Cheer up, Em'ly, cheer up. You don't cut much ice," he croaked.

"You darling," she answered. "I will. Kiss me!"

He pecked at her lips obediently.

She pulled down the shades and lighted all the lamps she could find, Baden-Baden chattering his approval of the illumination:

"You're no land-lubber, Em'ly. You're all right."

She sat down at the little parlor organ and played a rollicking march. The parrot flew to her shoulder, shrieking with delight. Dick woke from his evening nap and thrilled into a rapture. Ajax's nerves could not endure the strain. After many violent contortions on the carpet, he leaped to the table and from there to the organ keys. With the crash of horrible discords, Emily broke into hysterical laughter and gathered him in her arms.

"You're all I have now," she sobbed, "and I will be good to you, I will be good to you."

Baden-Baden pecked at her check fiercely and cried:

"Damn me, Em'ly, but you're a lady!"



## That Which Was Forgotten.\*

BY A. W. NORTH.



THE very air seemed dead. Perhaps there was no life in the world, and it was a spectral party crossing the desert. The moon was large and hung low. It lighted up the vastness of the desert and nothing seemed hidden therein. The steady falling away of the sand from the wagon wheels and the monotonous sinking of the mules' hoofs went drearily on like the fretful and incessant grinding in the dream of a fevered sleeper.

The Doctor looked at his thermometer first and then at his watch: "98 and it is 11.15."

Orton rubbed his eyes and stared about.

"Isn't it time we were getting somewhere, Hendricks?" he queried.

The driver peered into the distance beyond the team. "Nearly. We ought to reach the Coyote Wells by midnight."

There was no incentive to conversation. The atmospheric depression was too great. The Colorado Desert is not an enthusing place. The Doctor and Orton closed their eyes, and when Hendricks unbuckled his lines and exclaimed, "Here we are!" they both sat up abruptly and looked about in surprise.

"Are these the Wells?"

Hendricks nodded. "Not much to see, just a rusty trough and an old pump. Good place to rest the animals, though, for a couple of hours; you might as well sleep while they are getting their wind."

The animals were watered and the creaking pump wheezed under Hendricks' sturdy arm, but the noise did not seem to go into the distance. In fact, the air had no carrying power. Blankets

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were spread upon the ground and each of the men stretched out.

Presently the Doctor raised on his elbow and looked towards Orton.

"What's happening?" he exclaimed.

Orton blew the smoke out of his carbine.

"A coyote was walking right over us almost. I fired at him. He was right over there. He was, I say. Now that the smoke and flash are gone there is nothing there, or farther away, and I can see half a mile beyond, I believe, in this kind of light."

"Hang the coyote," mumbled the Doctor. "The poor brute has got as much right to live as you or I. Probably he was thirsty and wanted water. As long as we have any decent water in our canteens, he can have all that's in that trough and welcome. I am going to sleep again."

An hour later Hendricks sat up, yawned and looked about.

"It's after two," he growled. "We must be moving along if we expect to get off this desert before the heat of the day, and we have got to do that. There comes a four-mule team in that direction now."

The Doctor got up, shook his blanket out before putting it in the wagon, and then walked over to the trough and began throwing water over his face and head.

"This air is so dry,—so deathly dry. What is that coming, do you know, Orton?"

"We will probably know in a few minutes."

The mules came up on the trot. Two men jumped down from the high wagon and began unhitching the animals, merely remarking, "How-dy; just getting out?" The wagon was piled high with coops, filled with complaining turkeys. Orton walked over to investigate. As he did so, a slender, rather stooping figure descended from the top of the coops, carrying a white roll in one hand.

Hendricks called out:

"Mr. Orton, we are all ready. We must be moving."

Orton walked leisurely back.

"I will catch up with you. I suppose this road runs plainly along over to the Superstition Mountains, does it not?"

"Yes, straight as the crow flies."

"Well, you people drive on; I will keep the saddle horse and ride along after you. When will you stop?"

"At about nine o'clock, half way up the mountain-side."

"I will be with you before it is time to leave, then," remarked Orton, passing his arm through the bridle-rein of the led horse.

Hendricks laid the whip over the backs of his animals and soon the Coyote Wells had dropped out of sight in the rear. He urged the animals along with monotonous voice, and the Doctor dozed again on the back seat, occasionally starting up as his body swayed unexpectedly forward or sidewise in his uncertain slumber. The mountains grew nearer. A delicate light fell upon their summits, extending downward. The air became warmer. Faint sounds fell upon the air. In the east the desert seemed afire. On a sudden, the great red sphere of the sun raised itself above the horizon. The moonlight was gone. The moon hung above the mountains, a dead, white body. The Doctor drew out his thermometer. The mercury was rising rapidly. He looked out over the desert, but no horseman was to be seen. Hendricks observed his glance.

"Your friend says that he has lived in Arizona, and seems to be on to this kind of country, but I do not like the idea of his not showin' up. This is a bad country to get lost in; lots of dead men lying around in this country, and without any grave-stones over them, either."

"Oh, Orton is all right," returned the Doctor, "only I do not see why he is delaying so much. It is time he was with us."

Leaving the desert, the team slowly made its way up into Devil's Cañon. The old road was in poor condition and very steep. The animals dropped their heads almost to the ground and strained heavily at the tugs. The Doctor, looking down the rugged cañon, and off into the desert, thought that the view repaid him for the discomforts of night travel and the desert.

By nine o'clock the turn of the road brought the party to an old, dilapidated adobe house, with a spring and a well-filled water trough near it. The water was good and refreshing. Hendricks unhitched the team and began preparing breakfast. The Doctor got out some supplies, looking frequently down the road with expectant glance.



"Hendricks, go ahead with your breakfast. I am going down the road a ways to meet Orton. I will have breakfast with him after his arrival."

"All right, Doc, but it won't bring him here any sooner, your going after him."

One goes quite a distance along a down-hill road without noticing it.

Suddenly Orton appeared in sight, however, and the Doctor gave a whistle of surprise, for his friend was not alone; on the contrary, a girl was resting in the saddle before Orton, and his arms were about her. The saddle horse was leisurely bearing its double load up the mountain road, picking its way at will. Orton looked up, his face suddenly becoming unclouded.

"Thank God, I have caught up with you," he exclaimed. "I never before fully realized the advantage of having a medical friend. Here is someone who needs your services mighty badly."

Orton stopped his animal beside the Doctor. The latter looked at the girl. Her face was pale, her eyes closed. A gash in her head told a good deal; other things could be learned later. Orton offered no further information, and his friend felt that it was not a time to seek for more than was volunteered.

Camp reached, Hendricks looked up from his breakfast with staring eyes and a muttered exclamation. The Doctor hastily gathered a pile of blankets from the wagon, spread them in the shade by the walls of the building, and then assisted Orton in carefully stretching the barely sensible girl thereon. A liberal supply of water being applied to her head and neck, the girl, looking about in a dazed manner, attempted to rise. She drank the proffered water hastily. She still seemed dazed, while she partook of the food which they gave her. That done, she leaned back, and soon was breathing heavily. The two men walked a short distance away, and when they sat down by the trough, Orton kept his eyes continually on the sleeper.

"God help you, Archer," he exclaimed, "You have got to save that girl."

"I don't think that will be very difficult, Tom, but you owe me the story of your find. It is not an every-day occurrence for a man to come riding off the Colorado Desert, carrying in his arms a de-

cent-looking girl, dressed in riding clothes, and dazed from a smash on the head. How did it happen?"

"I was restless down there last night, you remember, when we stopped at the Coyote Wells. The weirdness of the desert had hold of me. And do you recollect the chap that climbed off the top of the turkey wagon?"

"The fellow you began to talk to last night, just before we left?"

"Yes. Well, when he opened up that little white bundle of his and drew out a tooth brush, a comb and brush and a nice little initialed towel, my curiosity went up in the air. Here is the story he told me: He was English, and had gone into Canada; had asthma, it seemed, and from Canada went into California, and down to San Diego. Then he went into Old Mexico, but it was no use. He could not get away from his chokes. He was game, and decided to try a desert, and the poor devil hit on that one down there, all by himself and without any guidance. Of course there had just been a sand storm and the trails and roads were obliterated, and he wandered around, God knows where. Finally he got pretty bad. Then he saw an antelope, pursued by a hound, and a girl on horse-back following hard after. He called to her, but she suddenly disappeared. He could not remember anything else, until the turkey men picked him up. I asked him where he had viewed the hunting scene, and he said it was over to the southeast of the Coyote Wells. I left him to his ablutions, and I talked to the teamsters.

"They said they had picked the boy up about five miles to the westward. That he was then nearly dead, and absolutely out of his head, and was talking about seeing a woman hunting out in the desert. However, lots of people get crazy in the deserts when their canteens get dry. He seemed a decent chap, though, and they would give him a ride until they came across a railroad. I listened to their tale and then said good-bye to the outfit and rode along, following you fellows.

"Somehow, the chap's story stuck in my mind and got to bothering me. A man is liable to do anything out in that desert country. Eventually, I left the road and started in a southerly direction. I do not know what I expected to find; I know what I did

find was unexpected. I was six or seven miles south of the road, I think, all of that, when I came to an arroyo that probably carries a good lot of water in it whenever there are any rains in these mountains, but this country looks as if there hadn't been a rain in a century, so I was surprised to see a bit of green at the bottom of the arroyo, and accordingly decided to ride farther along. I soon observed a distant ridge, apparently the projection into the desert of a mountain spur. Towards the end of the ridge the arroyo disappeared; scrub trees, surprisingly green, marked the spot, and up in the air,—bless you, a whole concourse of buzzards were circling.

“Curious to see whether there really was water about, I rode towards the trees, and as I drew near, a lot of buzzards flew up and a couple of coyotes ran scurrying away, only to turn and look at me. The arroyo, now grown shallow, turned sharply. A bit of water was trickling down on one side of it in a small gully. Heavy brush grew in and about the gully. I followed a deer trail which led up the gully, towards the scrub trees which I had seen. My horse started suddenly and snorted. I swung my carbine round, half expecting a bear. Everything was still. I rode along a bit farther, then saw a horse lying stretched out dead, one of the fore legs snapped clean across. You have seen that, Hendricks, where a horse falls after stepping in soft earth, a badger hole, or something of that kind?” Hendricks nodded. “That is where the girl cut her head, then, was it?” he asked. “But how did she happen to be there?”

“That is more than I know,” Orton continued. “All I can say is that I found the girl near the spring, a short distance from the horse. I looked about and found where she had fallen when the horse went down, and where she had struck her head; a blood-stained brush stump explained the cut. She had evidently taken thought of the poor brute, for the bullet through his head must have spelt relief. I gave her a bit of brandy that I had. She opened her eyes, but there was no expression in them. She did not seem to know anything. She is young; she can't be over twenty-five or six.”

“Was there any writing about her or the saddle to show her identity?”

"No; it was a fine saddle, though, silver mounted. She probably was not out calling, however, and had neglected to carry her card case with her. Seriously, though, we can find out by and by who she is and how she came there. At present we must look to her health. What is the first thing to be done, Doctor?"

"The first thing is to get her out of here, and take her to some place where she can rest quietly and peacefully for a month or two and have some kind of care. I am afraid this part of the wilderness does not offer many such places."

"I know the very place, Doc. We will hitch up and pull right over to Palmer's. You don't know Palmer, but he is a 'one-lunger' who came here some twenty years ago with his wife. They are from Maine. They have got plenty of money, but they bought an old place, one of the old Yuma stage stations. There are some hot springs there, and they raise spuds and melons. Do all of the work themselves; don't even hire an Indian. They get regular income from the States, too; they don't have to work, but it seems he would die if he got into any other country."

"Well, let's get to Palmer's then as soon as we can."

Orton and the Doctor went over to where the girl was lying. As they approached, she sat up, leaning against the adobe wall, and gazed at them blankly. Without apparent interest or curiosity she allowed herself to be guided to the wagon and assisted to a comfortable place on the back seat. The Doctor noticed, however, that she leaned on Orton, alone, and continued to hold his hand as he seated himself beside her, and later, as the conveyance slowly ascended the mountain road and wound over the bleak ridge, he observed that she had leaned over and fallen asleep with her head upon her companion's shoulder, his arm, in the meantime, steadying her.

The afternoon sun was waning when a turn in the road allowed the travelers to see a small valley opening before them, and under the shade of welcome willows and cottonwoods appeared a low adobe house, surrounded, apparently, with thatch awnings. Near the house was a diminutive stream of flowing water, and by the stream was a woman.

"There's Palmer's," volunteered Hendricks, "and it's the old lady herself out there by the water."

As the team drew near, a tall, stooping figure of a man, carrying a hoe in one hand, walked slowly over and stopped beside the woman; he peered out from under his broad-brimmed straw hat as the team drew up, and called in a nasal voice:

"Glad to see you, Hendricks. Get right out and bring in your friends."

Introductions quickly completed, the invalid was turned over to Mrs. Palmer, with instructions to put her to bed at once. The men found Palmer interesting. He was well educated, held a degree from Dartmouth College, in fact, but, as he expressed it, "That doesn't prevent me from hoeing potatoes and enjoying the game."

Under his instructions the animals were unhitched and placed in the barn, and Hendricks captured an enterprising looking rooster and got it ready for Mrs. Palmer's attentions. The latter appeared upon the scene shortly.

"I put our invalid to bed and she is asleep already," she exclaimed, "and when she awakes she shall have all the broth she can eat, but in the meantime you will tell me how she was injured. She is your wife, I believe, Mr. Orton?"

The latter answered rather quickly:

"No, Mrs. Palmer, she is not, and what is more, I don't know who she is," and with that he repeated in brief the story of how he found the girl, which merely tended to heighten the interest and curiosity of the hostess.

Late in the evening the invalid awakened and partook eagerly of the broth given to her. The following morning she was awake early, and upon coming out of the adobe and seeing Orton, she strolled over to one of the willow trees, at whose base a rough rustic seat had been fashioned, and directing him to be seated near her, launched into immediate explanations.

"You have saved my life. I want to thank you for it and try to tell you something about myself."

Orton had noticed as soon as she greeted him that her eyes now seemed to be expressive, and her extreme nervousness he naturally ascribed to her weakness.

"I want to tell you about myself," she repeated after a pause, "but I am afraid that I won't be very plain, because my thoughts

are confused. I can't quite understand things. You see I was at Coronado, —" She stopped and looked at him with a serious and questioning expression and then continued, "and my story is so confused that I might as well begin at the beginning."

Orton interrupted her:

"Don't try to talk anything about it now. You are too weak. Just realize that you are among friends and rest yourself."

She shook her head.

"I will tell you what I can now. My name is Eloise Valentine. My home has been near Greenfield, in Western Massachusetts, where I was born. My mother died a good many years ago. My father married again, and after I graduated from Wellesley last spring, I gladly accepted an invitation to visit an aunt at Coronado in place of continuing in a home not, — well, where I seemed somewhat in the way. I enjoyed my new western life, that is, — well, perhaps — perhaps I seemed sort of in the way there, too, but I saw numbers of people at my aunt's house and the swimming and boating were delightful."

Orton nodded. "I sympathize with you," he said. "I would like to have about a quarter of a mile swim right now, after that desert."

"Yes, yes," she continued hastily, "but please let me say what I have to say right now. I want to have it over with. I know you will think it strange, and you have done so much for me. You see, I understand that you found me out in the Colorado Desert, and — I don't know anything about the Colorado Desert! I don't remember having ever seen it. My last recollection is of swimming out, way out in the bay from the Tent City near Coronado, and then I don't remember anything till we reached here yesterday afternoon, excepting that it seems as though I have known you a long time, and that I owed everything to you. Yes, and I know there is something serious which I have forgotten."

"Now, Miss Valentine," Orton interjected, "you had a nasty fall out there in the desert and then you nearly starved to death, and have had enough to upset the nerves of anybody, let alone a young girl tenderfoot; so don't you think any more about it, but just enjoy these shade trees and Mrs. Palmer's cooking, and in the cool of these mornings and of the evening twilight I will take

you for some walks down the valley, where Hendricks tells me there are some interesting Indian rancheries. We will bargain for baskets and kill time generally. I imagine that you know how to shoot; if you don't I will teach you, and we will shoot some of these quail that I have heard calling hereabouts, and then in a few days you will be quite yourself again. Dr. Archer says that rest and nourishment are all you need."

Orton carried out his programme faithfully, and with such apparent interest in his occupations that at the end of the third day, when his friend suggested that they begin their journey homeward and leave the invalid to convalesce with the Palmers for a month, Orton turned on him savagely and exclaimed:

"Man, where is your humanity? You would not leave that girl alone with no one to divert her mind, would you?"

"But, Orton," the Doctor replied, "I have got to be in Los Angeles, within a week, and where is that Bank Directors' meeting that you were to attend there, and that land matter that you had to look after in San Francisco?"

"Directors' meeting be blamed," returned Orton. "If you really have to go, though, trot along, and I will call upon you in a few weeks. First tell me whether there is anything particular to be done for Miss Valentine. What do you think of her case now?"

"Just what I have from the first, Orton. She had a terrific experience, coupled with a rough jar to her brain. The latter an accident which has affected her memory, only temporarily, however; rest, and later, perhaps, a return to familiar sights, will restore the lost connections to her memory. Her youth will help her; she is probably even younger than you thought. I don't doubt but you will give her excellent care."

The ensuing day Hendricks and the Doctor drove away, unaccompanied; the latter entrusted with messages to be delivered, in due course of time, to Miss Valentine's aunt.

Five days later the Doctor was in his office at Los Angeles, and the card of Judge Carmen was given to him.

"Show him in," he muttered; and the genial old attorney was soon greeting his friend with a hearty hand-shake.

"Welcome back, Archer. I haven't come for medical treatment, nor entirely to welcome you, but it is good to see you again.

I saw by the morning's paper that you had just arrived from the desert country. I have come here to learn whether you can help me out in a matter concerning one of my clients. You know Stephen Sention, the wealthy Providence manufacturer?"

"Yes. What about him? I believe that I heard he married a young wife a while back. Has she scratched his face, and does he need medical attention?"

"No, no, nothing of that kind, but after their marriage they went down into Mexico to the shooting box of a wealthy Mexican friend of Sention's."

"All right, Judge, I suppose they are having a happy time, but what has this got to do with me?"

"Only this, Doctor. He is my client, and a liberal client, too, and it seems his wife got lost down in that country, and I am looking high and low for her."

"What is she like?" And the Doctor gave a start and looked into the distance through half-closed eyes.

"Well, she is a young girl from the East, and between us, I imagine that she only married Sention because she felt there was nothing else to do, and because he wanted her. You see, she is a great swimmer, and one morning she happened to be swimming off from Coronado at the same time that he was having a dip, and she saved him, that is, he was taken with a cramp, or something or other, and she held him up until rescuers arrived. The strain nearly did her up, and he was mighty nice to her while she was getting over the nervous reaction which followed. It wasn't long before he proposed, and he is a thoroughbred, you know,—fine-looking old fellow, plenty of money, courteous ways and all that, with a good home for her. Her aunt urged on the suit, I believe, and orange blossoms were the natural result."

"That's all very well, Judge, but you haven't told me yet what she is like. I may have found her in the desert."

"Well, I am getting to that. It seems that a party of them were out with hounds after deer, antelope, panther, leopard, coyote,—anything they could find. She rode well and had the fastest horse in the lot, and in the exhilaration of the chase, rode right away from the rest. That was something less than three weeks ago. They were in the mountains on the border at the time, and when



she didn't come back they tracked her horse to the southern edge of the Colorado Desert. Then there was a grand old sand storm. All tracks were obliterated, and Sention and his friends and the hired Indian trackers haven't found a clue. I didn't know but you and your friend Orton might have heard down in the desert somewhere or other of somebody's having been found. What do you know?"

"Only this, Judge; that Mrs. Sention is at Palmer's down there in the Superstition Mountains, and I think that Mr. Sention had better go there with me just about as rapidly as he can."

Five days later there drew near to Palmer's a tired team, driven by Hendricks, and bearing the Doctor and a handsome, elderly and weary-looking man. As the willow trees came in view, the latter straightened himself up and then uttered an exclamation, for there in a hammock under one of the trees were two people, — a man and a woman; their heads were close together and a book was on her lap. Both looked up simultaneously. A smile spread over Orton's face, and jumping up, he took her hand in his and started forward with her by his side.

"We welcome you, Doctor," he cried, "and you, too, Hendricks."

Then, seeing the third traveler, he stopped suddenly. Sention stepped quickly from the wagon. The color had left his face.

"Eloise, my wife! Are you safe?"

She looked with staring eyes, pressed her hands to her forehead, and in a low voice gasped,

"O. God, that was what I didn't remember!" and fell, fainting, in Orton's arms.



## The Hazing of The Infant.\*

BY HARLE OREN CUMMINS.



BEFORE the door of Room 26, at the lower end of the barracks, were grouped ten or a dozen cadets. They were reading a neat type-written notice which was tacked to the door before them, and, judging from their exclamations, various were the emotions which it aroused. And perhaps those emotions were justified, for never before in the history of Stanhope Military College had such a document been seen. This was what they read:

### FAIR WARNING.

Two weeks ago I came to Stanhope Military College with the intention of working and attending strictly to my own business. I have carried trunks, grips and sult cases to different parts of the barracks, and in return I have been cuffed and beaten. I have each morning polished ten pairs of boots for ten lazy Juniors, who have only kicked me with those same boots for my labor. I have been deviled every night for two weeks, and though I have taken it all in good part, still I have been abused. I have eaten half a bottle of tabasco sauce and several dozen pepper lozenges. I have done the eagle and the mule, and I have allowed you to play hot pants with me for hours. NOW I AM THROUGH. I come from a State where men shoot with the same accuracy as you dudes part your hair, and I solemnly swear that I will use for a target the first man who lays hands on me, regardless of age, size, or military rank.

CHARLES STUART STEELE.

"Who would have thought that The Infant was such a literary genius?" commented Preston, one of the Juniors referred to in the notice. "What are we going to do about it, Slawton?"

"Do!" answered that person, contemptuously, "why do just what we have been doing to him, only worse and more of it. You leave it to me. I'll see that his guns won't hurt any one."

The Infant wasn't a favorite, except with the Freshmen, for,

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though he bore all the deviling good-humoredly, even in the midst of it they always felt that he was making fun of them. And he had a most sarcastic tongue for so small a person, for he was only a little chap, scarcely more than a boy. But he had spent the last few years on a Dakota cattle ranch, and was as quick and wiry as a steel trap.

He had won several medals for excellence in pistol practice, and had two elegantly mounted Colts in his room. It was upon this marksmanship that he was evidently relying to free himself from the customary hazing during the remainder of his Freshman year.

That very night, as The Infant sat down at his desk and opened his calculus, preparatory to an evening's plugging, the door opened softly. Looking up, he saw entering his room four of the principal devilers in college, headed by Herbert Slawton, Prime Deviler and Hazer. The five entered the room, seated themselves comfortably, and Slawton, after locking the door and pocketing the key, advanced to the middle of the room.

"I have been chosen," he began, "as spokesman of the upper classmen, to tell you what we think of you and your conduct. Since your arrival, *mon Enfant*, you have, as your little notice relates, carried trunks, blacked boots, and done various and sundry other tasks, as is the custom of all innocent Freshmen. You have also, as you say, been deviled, but not one-half so much, my fiery little Dakota bronco, as you will be deviled before you become a yearling. Though you have usually complied with our requests, after a judicious use of the persuader, it has always been in an independent manner of which we do not approve.

"Now, my dear little Infant, let me tell you what we propose to do. We can stand your unseemly conduct no longer. This last act of yours is beyond the limit. This afternoon I personally assisted in the substitution in the chambers of each of your two beautiful little revolvers of blank cartridges, so it is useless for you to look so trustingly at them. Now that the little lion's teeth are drawn, we propose to show you how we treat a Freshman who has rebelled against the ancient and honored custom of deviling. To begin with, you had better take off that red tie, for it offends our sense of good taste. Then you may commence the evening's programme by eagling for us."

The Infant threw himself back in his chair and laughed, laughed till the tears came to his eyes, while the group on the other side of the room looked at him with wonder mixed with an apprehension lest the fear of what was coming had driven his senses from him. But their anxiety was groundless. At last he choked down his unaccountable mirth, and turning round in his swivel chair so that he faced the group, he began:

"And you five hulking cowards were so easily caught as this! You have come of your own free will and accord and locked yourselves in my room for me to use you for target practice. You thought to outwit a *Westerner* thus. But then, I do not wonder, you are all tenderfeet. *You* didn't know that man's best friend is his gun, that he guards it and watches it, as a mother watches her child. Why, every time I have returned to my room to-day, after an absence, I have inspected these guns. I found out your work not ten minutes after you had done it, and the ball cartridges which are in the chambers now are nice, long 32's. I left the guns out here openly hoping that you would fall into this very trap, but I had no idea that you would bite so quickly. Why, my little notice has been up there only eight hours, and behold the mice are all in the trap."

Before The Infant had half finished this speech, he had possessed himself of the silver-mounted revolvers and patted them lovingly. Then he stood up and faced the five.

"I have listened patiently to the long and flowery speech of your spokesman — self-elected I do not doubt." Slawton winced. "Now I have the floor. You all know that I could shoot the five of you in cold blood as you sit there trembling, and no jury in the land would convict me. But I only promised to shoot the first man who laid hands on me, and so, technically, you are all guiltless. However, I will give you a chance. Do any or all of you wish to begin the funereal undertaking?"

As not one of the cowering upper classmen stirred, the Freshman continued:

"I will not kill you, but in our State we have a pleasant little diversion which we call creasing. To be a good creaser one must be an exceptionally good shot, or the sport has its casualties. We stand off from a man at about the distance I am from you, Slaw-

ton, and then we shoot, oh, so carefully, at the side of his neck, and, if the creaser knows his business, and the man does not move, the bullet just grazes and leaves a red mark."

The Infant raised the two revolvers and pointed them at Slawton's head.

"For God's sake, put those down," he said; "they might go off."

The Infant laughed long and merrily. "Of course they might," he chuckled; "that's just where the fun comes in. I've nothing to lose if they do. But, as I have some studying to do, we must get to business. You have come here to-night, you five ringleaders of the hazing gang, to see some deviling. You shall not be disappointed. There will, however, be a slight change from the original programme. I will call off the numbers.

"To begin with, you have my key, Slawton. Kindly lay it on the table. Thanks. Now excuse me while I make myself comfortable."

He tossed his desk chair on to the table, then leaped up lightly himself.

"You must really pardon my taking the only grand-stand seat for the coming show, but really I have paid more for my admission, you know. Preston, you have often told me that I did not know how to black your shoes properly, and, if I remember rightly, you have on several occasions kicked me for that lack of knowledge. Now there is a pair of muddy golf shoes under the bed, and the blacking kit is over by the window. And remember, if they are not done well, what the penalty has always been.

"Fowler, I neglected to clean up the hearth this morning, and it is very filthy. Will you please attend to it for me? I think I used my last silk handkerchief cleaning your windows yesterday, so I am afraid you will have to use your own. Perhaps Slawton and the other fellows have some with them, too.

"Benson, what can I do for you? Oh, yes, it was your trunk that I carried up those three long flights of stairs. My little steamer trunk by the couch is rather small, but it is nearly filled with ore specimens, so perhaps it will do. You may lift that to your shoulder and do sentry duty between the closet and the bed, and you must always put down your burden and salute when you pass my chair, you know.

"Reed, I've nothing personally against you. I don't think you really approve of this deviling business any more than I do, and as I've no taste for the dirty work I'll make you my acting foreman. There's a little Mexican quirt over there on the wall which you can take and see to it that these men do their work lively. But remember, your job is only provisional. If I don't see you using the little persuader often enough I'll have to reduce you to the ranks."

Under the stimulating influence of those glistening revolvers, which were pointed first at one and then another of the toiling youths, those four upper classmen worked as they had not worked for many a day.

"Now, Slawton, King of Devilers, don't think I have forgotten you because I have left you till the last. Oh, no, you are the Lord High Muck-a-Muck, so you are above these petty tasks. But, if I remember rightly, over on the bookcase there is still about half a bottle of tabasco sauce. There is also a dessert-spoon there. I believe you told me when I took my medicine that the dose for an infant was a large spoonful. As you are an adult you need more, so you can measure out twice that amount for yourself. Foreman Reed, see to it that the usual punishment is administered if any is spilled."

It was a strange sight to see those great strong fellows hustling about obeying the commands of the little bantam on the table. And The Infant was enjoying himself. Not cruel by nature, but remembering what he had endured during the past two weeks at the hands of those same four fellows, and knowing furthermore that but for the two gleaming revolvers which he held, to-night would have been only a worse repetition, he could not but congratulate himself. As he saw Reed walking about cutting the others viciously with the quirt he howled with glee.

"That's right, Foreman, give it to them. Don't let them idle away the precious hours.

"No, Preston, that will not do," he said, as the shoes were presented for inspection. "You have sadly neglected the heels. Kindly turn round so I can administer the ancient and honored chastisement.

"Now we will have the class in eagling. Foreman, line up

your squad of four and put them through the drill." And as the men lined up he raised his voice threateningly, "The one who stops first takes the rest of the tabasco. Reed, get the spoon and bottle."

Up and down with arms extended, bobbed the four. With the awful penalty for failure in view they exerted every muscle. Eagling, even for a few minutes, is not a pleasant pastime, but when you do it for half an hour it becomes absolute torture. The sweat oozed out in great drops on the four red faces and rolled down into their eyes, but still no one gave in. Foreman Reed, with the bottle of tabasco in one hand and the spoon in the other, walked up and down in front of them. He was enjoying the evening almost as much as The Infant.

At last, Slawton, who was in wretched physical condition, gave up and tumbled to the floor.

"Now, don't be a pig, Slawton," called The Infant, reprovingly; "you've had your share already. Foreman, divide up the tabasco evenly among the four.

"Let me see, what comes next?" mused the youth on the table. "Oh, yes, hot pants, that's it. Reed, kindly prepare the victims. I think you know what portion of the clothing it is necessary to remove for the success of this game. You will find on the closet shelf the ente little pine shingle which they used on me two nights ago."

At about one o'clock, after his ingenuity had become exhausted, the Freshman called a halt.

"You may all sit down now," he said. "Reed, take that pillow from under Slawton, he's not playing the game fair. Pillows never followed hot pants in the way I learned the game. Now, boys, I have enjoyed this evening's entertainment more than I can ever tell you, and I have but one thing further to propose. At my dictation my foreman will now write out two articles, both of which each one of you will sign, or I will fill you, individually and collectively, with lead.

"The first article will be an agreement by which you four, who are really the head of the hazing business, agree to do your best to put a stop to it. The second article you will sign will be a statement of what you have done to-night in this room for my

amusement, and which statement I will show to every Freshman in college, if you do not live up to your promises in contract No. 1. I will also send a copy of article No. 2 to the *Daily Times* in case such promises are broken. You can imagine what a warm place Stanhope will be for you in case that programme is carried out.

"But if you keep to the agreement, and hazing is stopped in this school, I promise that no one but we six shall ever know what has taken place to-night."

He dictated the two articles and, without the slightest hesitation, indeed scarcely reading over what it was to which they put their names, anxious only to be freed from that little gad fly on the table, the four signed.

"This concludes the evening's entertainment, ladies and gents. Now all that remains for you to do is to make as graceful an exit from the stage as was your entrance somewhat earlier in the evening. As it is too late to bother to unlock the door you may open the window and jump to the ground. There is a nice bank of soft, wet snow about six feet deep down below, so you will not hurt yourselves. You may all go except Slawton. I want to speak to him alone. He will meet you in his room in about ten minutes and will have something very interesting and amusing to show you."

They opened the window, and one after another disappeared into the darkness. When the last one had gone The Infant turned to Slawton, who was waiting in dread for he knew not what.

"Slawton," began the Freshman soberly, "you are the only one left now, and I want to tell you a few things as man to man. I'll put away the revolvers, for I'm not afraid of you. I've given it to you worse than any of the rest to-night because you are the leader. If you want satisfaction, now or at any time, just come to me and I'll give it to you personally. You've been at this college since '97, and it's because of you that Stanhope has got such a reputation for brutal hazing in the last two years. It is because of you that nearly a dozen boys have had to give up and go home, and it is because of the blanket tossing that you and your gang gave little Teddy Speneer that he is a cripple to-day. I know that Preston and Fowler and Benson will stick to the agreement they



signed if you let them alone, and perhaps the fear of that other thing they signed may keep them quiet anyway. But if deviling — you know the kind I mean — continues here and I find out that you are connected with it, why, I'll attend to your case myself, that's all. I have only one more errand for you to do. I am going to write a little note which you must take and read to the others who are waiting in your room for you."

The Infant tore off a sheet from his pad and scribbled a few lines, biting his lips meanwhile to suppress a smile. He sealed the bit of paper in an envelope and handed it to Slawton who stood waiting by the desk, all the bravado gone out of him.

"Now, I have some calculus to do to-night, and as you have interrupted me sadly, you must see to it that this sort of thing doesn't occur again. Now, Mr. Deviler, here's your paper, and if you need anything more after you've read it, I'll be right here."

Slawton hastened to the window and jumped out, picked himself up shivering from the wet, slushy snow into which he had fallen, and wearily climbed the fire escape to his room. He was very sore and tired.

Then, if you can, imagine the feelings of those four wet, weary and aching bullies as they read the following:

"To four of the easiest marks on earth. Greeting:

"If it is possible for one more small grain of humiliation to enter into your cowardly souls, listen —

"I had been away from my room all day and had barely returned when you made your call to-night. The revolvers before which you cringed and ducked, and under whose influence you blacked my boots, took hot pants, and ate tabasco sauce till your throats burned, were exactly as you left them in the afternoon — *with blanks in every chamber.*"



## The Boy and the Dark Rider.\*

BY E. O. WEEKS.



IN the days when Greenwich Village (afterwards a part of the Ninth Ward in New York) was regarded as lying far beyond the possible encroachment of the town, there dwelt in a quaint little house in its main street a quaint little doctor and apothecary of the name of Simon Wedder. Now, while Doctor Wedder did not think it necessary to hang out a sign, because of his being so well known, yet not a person passing by could have failed to observe that a medicine-man lived within; for the story was told by a projecting window filled with bundles of roots and bunches of herbs, and many pots of divers shapes, both large and small. As for the Doctor himself, he was a peppery, scientific little fellow, the honorary correspondent of all the societies in the Provinces, and of half a dozen in London and Rotterdam; and, from his abiding at the great port of New York, he was in nearer touch with the wide world than many of his professional brethren, and therefore the recipient of consignments of rare and recently discovered remedies.

Toward the close of a hot day in August, Dr. Wedder stood leaning upon the lower half-door of his little office, gratefully inhaling the first puffs of a cooling breeze coming up from the river. The Doctor's attitude was one of contentment and satisfaction. He had predicted the change of air, and, to the weather-wise, the fulfilment of a prophecy brings a most gratifying sense of superior wisdom. After a time, the colder temperature penetrated even to the recesses of the Doctor's musty snuggery, somewhat displacing the mixed odors of his herbs and potions. Quite assured that the welcome breeze had come to stay, the little Doctor sat down comfortably before his open doorway, yet not with-

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out keeping one suspicious eye turned at intervals toward the weather-vane on a neighbor's barn, and the other, in the direction of the out-kitchen, where his old slave-woman, Black Naney, a most notable cook, was preparing a light but savory mess for his supper, for let it be said of the Doctor, as of many other old and dried-up little men, that he had a very excellent appetite and digestion.

From the garden at the rear of his house the Doctor heard the cheerful notes of a boy whistling, and this boy, Abner, was his factotum, and narrowly escapes being called a hero in this tale.

Now, as the Doctor sat there in his open doorway, the quiet of the village street was broken by a sound so ponderous that it was almost alarming. It was certainly not the tread of an elephant, for elephants then were not brought over so commonly as in our big steamers of the present day—but to describe it, that was what the sound was like. Dr. Wedder did not rise up and look forth to see what was coming. To a man of his keen perceptions it was not worth while.

"That," said he, in the same confidence with which he had prophesied about the weather, "that is Fat Nicholas and his horse!"

Across the street, over the smooth stretch of meadow land which ran down to the water's edge, the Doctor saw the last rays of the setting sun turning the waves of the river into ripples of gold. Far beyond the stream the wooded crests of Weehawken were taking on the purple gloom of evening.

A gigantic shadow fell over the doorway and the Doctor rose up to meet his guest.

"Ah, Nicholas," said he, "what brings you on a long journey of a hot day?"

Nicholas removed his great cocked hat and looked down at the little Doctor with a big man's smile. It was always a marvel to him how so much knowledge and wisdom could be carried in a body so small. All day he had been wondering why he had undertaken a journey so long and on a day so hot, and now the Doctor's first question had gone straight to the point!

"Nicholas," said the Doctor, solemnly, and not waiting for an answer, "you and your horse are getting bigger and bigger."

At these words, which carried conviction right to his heart, Nicholas groaned.

"Indeed, Doctor," he said in desperation, "it takes a big horse to carry a big man, and the two together loom up — we show bigger than we are!"

"Nicholas," answered the Doctor, with assumed severity, "I am not deceived by your sophistical argument — you have gained another stone in weight, and your horse has gained three."

Nicholas groaned aloud with despair.

"Yes, Nicholas," continued the Doctor, "just as cripples find more occasions for going abroad than people who have the use of their legs, so fat men grow fatter and fatter, and come long journeys on hot days. You must stop eating, Nicholas, that is my advice. But, just at the present time, even if you can never mount again, descend from your horse and come in and have supper."

Accordingly did Fat Nicholas replace his cocked hat upon his large head, guide his huge, fawn-colored horse up to the stepping-block, and prepare to dismount. First he looked to the points of the compass, as if to make sure that the world was steady in its orbit, and then he spoke to his horse, and the intelligent animal spread its legs as though an earthquake were to follow. Then the broad saddle and saddle-girth creaked and grumbled, and Fat Nicholas had come once more safely to the ground.

Dr. Wedder called out "Nancy — Abner," which was his way of informing his black slave-woman that he desired her to summon his factotum, and an answering shriek in the house and an echoing whistle in the garden indicated that his method of signalling was successful. Then the little Doctor led his ponderous guest indoors, much as we have seen a little tug pull a great ocean liner up to the wharf.

Very soon around the corner of the house came Abner, whose general appearance may be characterized as lanky, overgrown, and good-humored. Immediately at sight of Nicholas's great, fawn-colored steed, a strange transformation passed over Abner. He seemed to grow suddenly to the vast weight of three hundred pounds, his cheeks puffed out, and he waddled as he walked. He approached the horse circumspectly, tested the saddle and girth

with care, lifted himself to a seat, and joggled off to the stable like a man made of jelly !

That evening, at the supper-table, the fat guest delivered his message. It was a note from a correspondent of the little Doctor, and read as follows :

CHESTER MANOR, 17th August.

FRIEND WEDDER :

This will come to you by the large and trusty hand of our neighbor Nicholas, but your answer must be returned by a more speedy messenger. If this very night, so much the better, for the matter is one of life or death. Our rich old Squire Wexter is down with a violent intermittent, and, so far, the remedies I have used do not seem adequate to a cure.

Now, I understand, by recent advices, that you have but shortly gotten from a South American ship in the port a supply of the real crown quality bark of Peru, in color of a pale, yellowish red.

Now, I further understand that your price for the same is its weight in sterling gold, and I beg of you, therefore, to measure me out two good guinea-worth, and to at once forward the same by faithful conveyance. Send with the drug a bill of service, and I will remit in full by the messenger.

Your duly obedient servant and medical brother,

AMBROSE DENT.

The receipt of this letter, which had been delivered by Nicholas with aggravating slowness, threw the little Doctor into a flurry of excitement. He dearly loved the glitter of a broad gold piece, and here was a chance for seeing more than one. He stormed without ceremony at Black Nancy to go stuff his saddle-bags with a cold luncheon and a flask of cordial ; he hustled Abner forth to the stable to give an extra feed of oats to his tough little pony, by name called Wegg ; and while these affairs were doing, the wiry Doctor himself was at the counter in his small drug-shop weighing by candle-light two good guinea-worth of the precious bark and inditing the necessary note of explanation and bill of service. Then, in the one pocket of his factotum's jacket, the letter and package of costly bark were placed by the Doctor's own hand, and in either saddle-bag a stout pistol, for the road was wooded a good deal of the way, and sometimes the cry of the panther re-echoed the outcry of the owls. And even before Fat Nicholas could understand why his coming had raised this tornado, the astonished Abner found himself on the broad highway with a long night journey ahead, and with peppery objurgations and high-sounding promises of reward ringing in his ears.

The night was calm and sweet, with a full, round moon shedding its lustre over the country far and near.

At first the shock of his sudden adventure depressed Abner's spirits, and he felt a sense of loneliness that made him shiver; but when his smart little pony got down to its regular traveling gait, and pattered along on the hard road with sprightly cheerfulness, the rollicking nature of the boy began to rule, and he laughed, whistled and sang like a nocturnal bobolink.

Abner's weather-wise master had told him that the moonlight would hold sway till the dawn began to shine in the east, and, although he hoped to complete his journey ere that time, this assurance of kindly light was not without comfort. Here and there the trees interlaced above the narrow way, and for long stretches the moonbeams hardly sifted down through the leafy canopy. Now the road led out to an open plain where quiet farm-steads lay basking in the silvery glow, and anon it descended into a deep valley, where all was moist, dripping and still. And so, one by one, the hours and the miles slipped by.

Abner was a brave boy, yet even the bravest boy may grow weary on a long ride by night, and so feel his spirits sinking in the gloom. His pony, too, was getting tired, and began to travel with a lagging pace. But the boy was a born ventriloquist; he had whistled and sung; he had imitated bird and beast; and now, for Wegg's encouragement, he threw right and left the swishing sound of a whip and the crack of the snapper. Wegg had been fooled before that night, but he was fooled again, and immediately jumped ahead with comical energy.

Pleased with his trick, Abner was silent for a time, and then a new idea entered his mind. With perfect ease he sent into the air the strange, wild love-cry of the panther. Instantly, from a high, cedary crest, came an answering call. This, or the scent of the animal roused from its lair, startled Wegg as the imaginary whip had not, and with a sniff, and a dash forward, the spirited pony soon left the dangerous echo to itself.

At length they came to a fine opening in the woodland, at the foot of a treeless hill, over which the road could be seen in the slant moonlight winding away like a ribbon of silver sand. Here, at the foot of the hill, a stream crossed the path, and here Abner

stopped, to give Wegg a chance to drink and rest, and himself, to taste of Black Nancy's luncheon and Dr. Wedder's spicy cordial.

As Abner raised the flaps of the saddle-bags to draw forth these things, the butts of his master's pistols glinted coldly and unobtrusively in the moonbeams. He had made good time—his long journey was nearly over—for the crown of the treeless hill looked down into the Vale of the Manor of Chester. Yet, somehow, in the pale, spectral light of the retiring moon, this last stage of his progress seemed more lonely to Abner than all that he had left behind.

Wegg took a long and grateful draught of the sweet water, and then fell to nibbling the rich grass which grew by the edge of the stream; and while the pony was thus gathering refreshment, his rider opened out Black Nancy's bundle of eatables, and this replenishment of man and beast soon had the usual effect of renewing the spirits of both.

Abner had about finished his meal, with a plenty left over, when, looking down the woodland road, he saw an approaching figure moving in and out of the lights and shadows.

Abner's long course that night had been so solitary that perhaps he watched the arrival of this second traveler more with curiosity than fear. It made a break in the silent monotony of the journey.

The newcomer came up to the open space by the stream, but he stopped his horse about ten strides off, and stood regarding the boy with one arm akimbo and without the utterance of a word.

He was a large, rawboned man, and he rode a large, black, raw-boned steed. His garments were of a somber hue, and fitted him in ill shape, and his head was capped by a battered cocked hat, one flap of which had fallen down, shadowing his features.

Abner was in a measure daunted by the ominous silence and the grim appearance of this strange road-mate, but his natural courage had been reinforced by the warmth of the Doctor's cordial and he spoke out bravely.

"Come on, Mister," said he, "don't stand off. I have just finished as good a supper, breakfast, or what-ye-may-call-it, as any man would care to eat, and there's plenty left and to spare!"

Thus boldly invited to a repast, the shadowy stranger touched

his horse with the spur, and it seemed to Abner that the big animal dashed forward with the express purpose of knocking Wegg and himself down. But that was not the master's intention, for, in the very nick of time, he drew his beast back on its haunches.

Encouraged by this sign of forbearance, Abner extended the Doctor's flask and Black Nancy's napkin of eatables to the Dark Rider, and begged him to finish the whole, and this he promptly proceeded to do, and with an appetite so voracious that Abner wondered whether he'd had anything to regale himself with since the year of famine !

Now, we all know of the habit that many a boy has of whistling in the dark to keep his courage up ; and allied to this is our disposition, after a long course of lonely travel, to talk rather freely when the chance comes. Although Abner's companion was taciturn and forbidding in appearance, he was the first person the lad had met to speak with in the passing of the night, and so he was led into the temptation of carrying on a rattling, one-sided conversation, with barely an answer now and then from the Dark Rider. He even mentioned the purpose of his journey and the curative value of the medicine in his pocket !

Had Abner been more observant, perhaps he'd have noticed how the Rider's big hands shook when he had finished with the last morsel of the luncheon and the last drop in the flask — perhaps he'd have considered more directly the cause and effect of the Rider's sallow complexion and the inky and lifeless appearance of his straight black hair !

Howbeit, whether it was because of Black Nancy's excellent cookery, or the potency of the Doctor's invigorant, or because his tongue had been better engaged while testing both, the Rider, when he was through, deigned at last to wag that useful member. He then signified to Abner that he was ready to accompany him.

"Now, look you here, young one," said he, as they rode off up the hill. "I've been a-harking to what you've said, and I'm minded to chatter awhile myself. Look to it now — I'm not the man to talk over-much. But when I do talk it behooves anybody to listen — for I mayn't take the trouble to say the same thing twice !

"Hereabouts, boy, they call me Sallow Dick. And why do



they call me Sallow Dick? Why, because of the shakes and the agues, and the pestilent vapors of the Road!

"Is it my fault that I'm always shaking and making others shake when I can't help it, and they can't either—not when I say the word!

"What have all the old grannies in the backwoods done for Sallow Dick since first he got the nickname by always shaking with an ague?—Not much, I'll tell you that; he drinks all their stuff, young one, and shakes and shakes just the same!

"But now you tell me that you're a-travelin' post haste with an ague cure that comes from the outermost parts of the world and is worth its weight in gold. I want to hear more about that! What's good for old Squire Wexter is good for Sallow Dick!"

The Dark Rider stopped his rawboned horse and laid a detaining hand on the bridle of Abner's pony. In the dying moonlight he appeared of a willow color, and for a moment the boy half believed that he saw the embodiment of the Ague Imp itself!

But whatever the Rider may have had in mind he did not give it utterance then and there. He dropped his hold on Wegg's bridle and continued the ascent of the hill in silence.

And upon his part Abner did the same.

He saw plainly now that by talking too freely he had fallen into a snare and that the consequences of his imprudence would be hard to escape. To be sure, he remembered his master's pistols in the saddle-bags, but pistols in saddle-bags are one thing, and to use them another, and even more than this, Sallow Dick had a habit of looking out of the corners of his eyes which did not foreshow the chance!

Oh, if the robber should prevail over him, what would the disappointed and indignant Doctor Dent say about the loss of his drug! And beyond this disturbing question appeared a cloudy picture of the equally indignant and disappointed Doctor Wedder.

Ah, certainly! What would *he* say? And what would any one say were the chances of a poor, harmless boy when confronted with a redoubtable highwayman like Sallow Dick!

So, in silence, man and boy, horse and pony, ascended the treeless hill overlooking the Vale of Chester Manor.

On the rim of the western horizon the coppery moon was sink-

ing, but in the far east the Peep o' Day was lighting his torch.

When they came to the crown of the hill the Dark Rider halted, looking even more yellow (so Abner thought) than he had looked at the bottom.

"Come, young one," said he, as he held out one hand, while with the other he fingered the trigger of an enormous pistol, "give me the cure!"

Gazing into the hard, black, glittering eyes of the Rider, Abner felt that this was the final word. He understood now how Sallow Dick gave chills to the people he stopped on the Road!

Yet the odds were not all against Abner.

Alone with the robber in that elevated place the boy summoned to his aid the magical fluency of his deceitful voice!

Into the bushes by the roadside he sent a rustling noise, as of some wild creature slipping through; and then came the full-throated challenge of a panther!

The robber was decoyed! He dropped his pistol from the level, and looked with fierce scrutiny in the direction of the counterfeited sounds.

Still holding the robber's attention with adroitly simulated snarls and growls to the spot where a panther seemed to be, Abner reached over with one hand and drew a pistol from the saddle-bags, and then with the other hand lifted the bags from the pommel and tossed them into the bushes.

The ruse was successful. Sallow Dick caught a glimpse of the moving object, and fully possessed with the idea that a mad panther was charging him, fired his pistol with such accuracy that Abner heard the bullet crash through Doctor Wedder's flask!

And now when the Dark Rider turned to look with slanting eyes for his late captive he beheld instead a changeling traveler who was armed with a gleaming pistol and spoke in tones of harsh, rasping command.

"Begone to thy hut!" said the strange voice. "Make haste!"

In the dim twilight of the dawn, in that shifting, illusive hour, Sallow Dick conceived this transformation to be an elfish, preternatural trick, and the conception was augmented by an unearthly cry in his ears of — Hagg, hagg, hagger, hagg-o-roo!

Then did the bold Dark Rider spin himself like a top! Then

did he shake—body and bones ! Then, indeed, was he beset with gripes and ague-quakes !—He turned his horse like a flash and galloped down the hill in a cloud of flying sand !

High on the hill's crest the mirthful ventriloquist lingered for a moment, to recover his breath and his useful saddle-bags, and then sped his pony over the road into the Vale of Chester Manor. Now Youth and the Morning Light traveled together, and Laughter cracked the whip !

Before the front door of a long, low, rambling house of stone a horn lantern was hung—a signal which Fat Nicholas had said would indicate the home of the physician. Leaping from Wegg's back, Abner approached the portal and sounded a peal on the knocker.

Most evidently the ancient and worthy Doctor Ambrose Dent had been half-awake and had been looking with one eye open for the expected messenger, for he came to the door with a silver candle-stick in hand, a bobwig on top of a silk nightcap, and a flowery easy-gown floating out behind like the tail of a comet.

"Sir," said Abner, solemnly, "I was sent to deliver to you a packet of Bark of Peru and a letter; but a man calling himself Sallow Dick stopped me on the road——"

"Come in, come in, and shut the door !" said Doctor Ambrose Dent, with marked precipitation. "What ! Sallow Dick on the road again, and on the very edge of Chester Manor ! The most pestiferous Night Rider of the whole country-side prowling about once more ! That's what comes of having the brave old Magistrate Wexter down with an intermittent !

"But what's that you say ?" he continued, when the bolts were shoved into place. "What's that ?—Sallow Dick took the remedy—the Bark of Peru ? Impossible, boy, impossible ! 'Twas never meant to be so ! Why ! the cure was worth a fee of a hundred guineas to me ! And yet you say that what was intended for the fine Magistrate Wexter must needs go down the gullet of the worthless Sallow Dick ! Why ! 'Tis unbelievable !"

Doctor Ambrose Dent stood his sputtering candle on the office table, and then sat down in a high-backed chair, at the same time motioning to Abner to take a seat directly opposite. So placed, the pair made a remarkable picture of Youth and Old Age in

apparent distress. In his agitation the Doctor had pushed his wig nearly off of his nightcap.

"Boy," said Doctor Ambrose Dent, with mournful insistence, "before you gave up the remedy you should have died a-top of your saddle-bags ! We'd have set up a monument to you by the side of the road ! You'd have got glory, boy, and a tombstone ! But now what have you got ?—nothing ; and what have I lost ?—a hundred-guinea fee ! Heroic acts, boy, and heroic fees, are rare—we've both lost our opportunities !"

Somehow, the very fact that this occasion for setting up a cold memorial by the wayside had passed safely by was most comforting to Abner. He felt an increasing flow of good spirits over his escape from premature honors ! Yet to divert the Doctor's attention from these too evident signs of mirth, he bethought him of the letter and bill of service and forthwith delivered the same.

Doctor Dent received the letter with a sorrowful shake of the head. He looked at it sadly and laid it on the table unopened.

"'Tis wrongly addressed," said he ; "'Sallow Dick, Chester Roads,'—that had been nearer right !"

Now, with a singular smile, Abner handed over the packet. Doctor Dent took it with a look of sudden suspicion. Then he tore off one corner of the packet and sniffed at the contents. Then he poured out some of the drug into the palm of his hand and tasted it with a liberal lap of his tongue. The effect was magical !

The venerable physician's downcast face assumed its usual jovial expression, accompanied with certain wry contortions which seemed to indicate that the dose was exceeding bitter. A smile lengthened his large mouth from ear to ear, and his old blue eyes grew tearful with good humor as he rolled them upward in ecstatic expectation of that heroic fee ! Then he looked at Abner again and winked !

"Boy," said the most excellent physician, "you have evaded the robber and played with me. You shall have for your reward what all living men in all ages of the world have loved better than any tombstone—a broad gold piece !"





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Cast over in your mind and pick out twenty of the wealthiest people you personally know and you will find in each case it is a fact that years ago each one of these persons, or their ancestors, learned how to make a little money do a whole lot of work, and that now they and their children reap the benefit in a golden harvest. You can do the same. Only you must make a beginning. Here is a Financial Opportunity. Take advantage of it now—not to-morrow, but right now, to-day. You are making money. Why not invest a little and later on reap the benefit? It is a wise thing to do, and the wise and thoughtful people who are doing it are the ones that live in ease.

Here is an investment that is AS SAFE AS A SAVINGS BANK, conducted by people who are vouched for by Government Officers, Grand Army of the Republic Members, Free Masons, and scores of well-known, shrewd and successful business men. They know that the heads of this concern are well qualified to make your money, to make my money, earn large and regular dividends. Start now.

You know perfectly well that if you have not already saved up money that you ought to begin to do so at once. I will help you. Fill out the coupon at the foot of this article with your name and address and I will at once write you a long personal letter explaining to you how you can start to save money and make an investment with THE CUMMINGS & KING COMPANY, which will pay you large and satisfactory dividends as they are earned.

The reason that people are poor and unhappy is because they leave their own financial matters to be taken care of to-morrow instead

of now, to-day. If you will sit down at once and send me your name and address on the coupon at the foot of this announcement just so much sooner will you become happier than you are to-day.

It makes me happy to read the contents of this Magazine and I sincerely hope that it makes you happy to receive this Magazine and read its contents. Everything that I write you comes straight from my heart. I want you to learn that what I say is so, and when I say that I sincerely believe that if you make an investment with **THE CUMMINGS & KING COMPANY** your investment will be as safe as a savings bank, your dividends will be earned and sent to you



**PRESIDENT CHARLES E. ELLIS**

every May and November, in fact you will possess an investment which will give you great satisfaction from the moment you receive your certificate of shares.

The next dividend will be paid November 1st, this coming Autumn, and will be at the rate of Ten Per Cent (10%). It will be for your interest to write me at once.

I also know that you wish to learn who conceived, who planned the campaign, who pushed this magnificent, successful jewelry manufacturing concern to such a phenomenal success and made it such a successful paying piece of property, who after they have paid large and satisfactory dividends upon all the money invested still have the

ambition to look further ahead and have in their mind's eyes a **LARGER and BIGGER and BETTER** business.

In my personal letter to you I will tell you all about these gentlemen who are at the head of **THE CUMMINGS & KING COMPANY**. I want you to know them. I want them to know you. I want you to co-operate with them. They want to co-operate with you.

**EVERY READER OF THE BLACK CAT** should read and answer this announcement. It is your duty. Here is an investment as safe as a savings bank. Regular dividends as earned at the rate of **Ten Per Cent (10%)** per year and perhaps more. If you have a few dollars here is a safe place to invest. Put your money where it will earn regular dividends. Put your money where you know the people who are at the head of the concern. Sit down and write me to-day. I will at once send you my booklet—"A COMPANY WITH A REPUTATION." I will also write you a long personal letter telling you many things you want to know. If you were sure every dollar you invested would permanently bring you a regular income you would be justified in sending me what money you have on hand and also in making arrangements for saving a little each and every month.

I can say in all sincerity that I feel sure that if you make an investment with **THE CUMMINGS & KING COMPANY**—"A COMPANY WITH A REPUTATION"—you will never lose a cent, but on the contrary will, every May and November, and every year hereafter, receive dividends as earned at the rate of **Ten Per Cent (10%)** and perhaps more. You can do a whole lot to help yourself in this manner, and you can rely on me to assist you and to arrange matters to your convenience. You are earning money now. On the other hand, when you may not be doing so, you will be so happy to know that you have a good and profitable investment in **THE CUMMINGS & KING COMPANY**, which is earning and paying you large and satisfactory dividends every six months.

## MY OFFER TO YOU

I will sell a limited number of shares at their par value of **Ten Dollars (\$10.00)** per share. I wish to have your co-operation. Perhaps I value this more than money. So you can use your own judgment as to how many shares you wish. I will be just about as well pleased if you subscribe for one share at first as if you sent for a hundred, for the reason I will know that if you subscribe for one

share that you have made a start; that you have learned and begun to save to improve your condition. If you are going to invest money anywhere you have a right to thoroughly understand everything about the company in which you are going to invest. If there is anything that you do not understand or something further that you wish to know write me at once. On the other hand, if you feel that you are thoroughly acquainted with just what I am going to do and just why I feel that I need you as a Co-partner and Co-operator as a Shareholder you can enclose in your letter the amount of money you wish to subscribe for shares. Send to me to-day for, say, one or two shares, and see what Co-operation will accomplish. See how much happier you will feel for having in your possession a Certificate of shares representing your investment. See what Co-operation will accomplish in the way of getting the biggest dividends I believe you ever received on an investment. The price of these shares is Ten Dollars (\$10.00) per share. Anyway, write me to-day and fill out the coupon below. I will answer personally by mail.

PRESIDENT CHARLES E. ELLIS,  
603-609 West 43rd St., Block 9, New York City.

B. C. 8

Please send me your booklet, "A Firm With a Reputation," and your personal letter by return mail. I promise to read both carefully.  
Yours sincerely,

Name .....

Address .....

Mr. Charles E. Ellis is President of a large Magazine Corporation, besides being a large holder of real estate in both New York and New Jersey. Mr. Ellis is known among the Bankers of New York to be interested in several large and successful enterprises. President Ellis' wealth would easily foot up into a million or more if he should care to sell and withdraw from his valuable publishing business, and other enterprises, but President Ellis is not that kind of a man. He is a worker. He is a successful, hard-working business man, and fully believes in co-operation, and he is now fully convinced as President of this Company that he wants the co-operation of every subscriber and reader of this Magazine. He believes and knows that if you are his Co-partner in this enterprise as a Shareholder and Co-operator you and Cummings and King and himself together can produce one of the largest jewelry manufacturing concerns in the world.

Here you can become a Co-partner with Mr. Ellis, one of the most successful business men in New York, and in the United States for that matter. Act to-day. Write at once. Draw your dividends as earned forever from now on and watch the further successful developments of your and our factory. This is what co-operation means.

Mr. Ellis is President of The C. E. Ellis Company, valued conservatively at \$250,000. Mr. Ellis has other investments in New York City real estate, bonds, stocks and mortgages to the amount of many hundreds of thousands of dollars. Any Bank or Mercantile Agency will tell you his guarantee is as good as gold.

This is the successful man who wants you for a Co-partner and Co-operator, as a Shareholder in THE CUMMINGS & KING COMPANY—"A COMPANY WITH A REPUTATION." Remember, you will do business directly with Mr. Ellis in this matter.

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The cost is small—and when washed they are as good as new.

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[Mention this paper.]





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Socks wear longer than other brands and run so uniformly even?

In most cases manufacturers of socks buy their yarns in the open market. Yarns obtained this way must necessarily vary in quality and durability. We have our own yarn mill and spin our own combed yarns, using invariably the highest and finest grade long fiber cotton. For this reason we know that the yarns which we, ourselves, comb and spin, are up to that high grade of excellence which gives to our socks that silky look plus great durability. Shawknit Socks are knit to fit and not stretched over board forms. We guarantee that the dyes used are pure, harmless and non-fadable.

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silk, much  
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